

# PINKERTON

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# The Pinkerton Critic

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DECEMBER, 1946

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**" PINKERTON "**



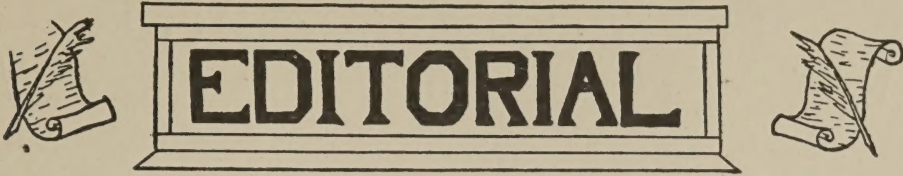
O Pinkerton, we hail thee,  
Facing the eastern light;  
We'll strive for thee and  
praise thee—  
For the red and for the  
white.

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Holiday Greetings



### TRADITIONS

Traditions are customs which are passed on from generation to generation. Since the founding of Pinkerton Academy each generation has made its contribution until our school is rich in traditions. These traditions help to make Pinkerton different from the average high school.

In the morning we have Chapel exercises. We have a formal order of service. It gives the students and faculty a chance to meet for a few minutes at the beginning of the day.

Senior privileges are another important tradition. In other schools an underclassman has little to look forward to when he becomes a Senior, but at Pinkerton it is different. Walking up the front steps, reading the newspaper and having the Library first period without supervision are just a few things which make being a Senior pleasant.

Another important thing about the school is the personal appearance of the students. Go into any other high school and it will be hard to find students as well groomed as at Pinkerton. This is because we have traditions stating that boys must wear ties, girls must not wear their hair in kerchiefs or they must not wear slacks in school. Boys must also wear sweaters or suit coats. These little things make a big difference in the appearance of the student body and the school itself.

Few schools observe Commencement Week as we do. It's traditional to have the Sophomore president on Class Day present the spade to the Freshman president. If you notice the trees on the campus and look up their history you'll find they were all planted by former classes. The reading of wills, individual gifts, history of the graduating class are all traditions.

I have mentioned only a few of the traditions of Pinkerton. Who could forget Class banners, the Freshman-Sophomore football game, the Senior Corn Roast, the Junior Prom? The traditions of the school are only as great and as good as the students make them. Let's keep them.

The Editor

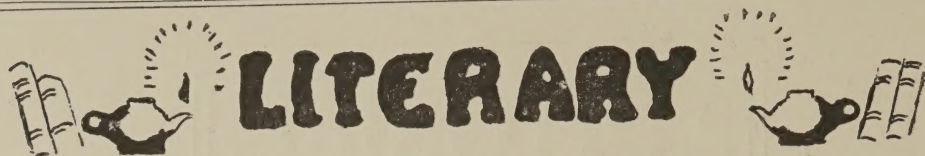
### WELCOME

The Critic Staff of Pinkerton Academy wishes to extend a hearty welcome to the new faculty members—Miss Morse, Mr. Peterson, Mr. Curran and Mr. Rohanick. We hope you will enjoy your stay here with us.

We also wish to welcome the class of 1950. Have fun, but remember the standards of which Pinkerton is proud. We are sure you will enjoy your four years at Pinkerton.

The Critic Staff





### GETTING THE FAMILY CHRISTMAS TREE

One bright winter morning I arose, dressed myself in my heaviest clothing, and went downstairs to have breakfast. There I was greeted by the bright and youthful face of the little demon—I mean the little girl next door who, my mother said, had been there since 6:30 A. M. She was waiting for me to take her to get the Christmas tree; a duty my brother Joe usually had. But right now, I imagine Joe was very busily employed scrubbing decks for the Navy.

After breakfast I got out my handcuffs, black jack, armored suit, and the rest of the little implements needed when around dear, dear, little Maybelle and we started out. We walked half a mile when we came to the woods. Maybelle, I noticed, was on her best behavior; she had only tripped me twice, jumped into a snowdrift and cried for me to get her out. Then I really had an evil thought, but I looked at her and thought that surely her mother must love her, so I went back to help her out.

When we had reached the woods, I felt in good spirits. I guess it was the smell of pines. We then started down a wood road and I was tripping as lightly as any famed ballerina, when you know what happened?! I fell flat on my face!

At this time, Maybelle had chosen to throw a nice fat snowball, which hit me right on the head. I picked myself up, brushed my clothes off, and restrained from pushing dear little Maybelle's face in the snow.

Very soon we came to the place where we usually get the Christmas tree. I picked out a pretty middle-sized tree. While I was cutting down the tree, Maybelle was amusing herself by making a little squirrel's life miserable.

After I cut the tree we started home. Maybelle, I thought, was trudging behind me, but knowing Maybelle as well as I did, I should have known she wasn't. I looked around and Maybelle was not there. I dropped the tree and retraced my steps. Soon I found Maybelle sitting on a snowbank unharmed. I told her to come with me and to hurry up about it, but she had other ideas. She said she was tired and wanted me to carry her. After much arguing, I started for home with Maybelle in one arm and the tree in the other. With every step I vowed that next year Maybelle would not come along when I went for the family Christmas tree.

That night I heard on the radio some crackpot who said that she didn't enjoy anything more than getting the family Christmas tree. I was very willing to bet my next week's allowance that she did not have a Maybelle along with her.

Kathleen Gagnon '47

### THE FRIENDLY HANDSHAKE

Variety is the spice of life (so I am told). There's certainly never a dull moment in handshaking.

I guess everyone is well acquainted with the power house who returns your hand feeling as though it had been through a meat grinder.

Then there's the pumper. Up and down, up and down until you think your arm will fall from its socket.

You'll really know your family doctor by the time you've met the combination of these two.

After getting back the use of your hand again, you'll sooner or later find yourself supposedly shaking hands with some poor person who can hardly hold up his arm until you start supporting it for him. Before leaving him, you'll feel you must slip him the price of a cup of coffee to give him strength for the next ordeal.

Oh yes, the clinger, we mustn't forget him (as if we could). He's the one who just hangs on until you wonder if you'll ever see your hand again. Then there's the other extreme; the fellow who can't wait to get it over with.

There are some people who really know how to shake hands though. They can support their own arms; they know there is a time and place to hold hands, but that this isn't it; they can return your hand in as good condition as when they took it.

You've no doubt heard that first impressions are lasting impressions. Why not make a good impression by developing a friendly and sincere handshake?

Charlotte Merrill '47

### THE PARADOX OF THE STEAM IRON

The newest vogue in household apparatus is an instrument known as a steam iron. This boon to the over-worked housewife is a rather bulky affair which entirely eliminates the pressing cloth so familiar to the poor souls who have to press their own clothes.

It is ingenious, this iron. In the bottom, toward the pointed end, are small holes leading to a reservoir. Into the reservoir, one pours water. When the iron heats—voila!—steam appears through the little holes.

I have yet to discover what prevents the water from running out of the holes. This, however, is unimportant. What is important is the fact that with this device the housewife's work is practically cut in half. Not only does it do away with the pressing cloth, as mentioned before, but it eliminates the necessity of dampening the wash. Thus, it can be readily seen that this iron greatly saves time, labor and energy.

However, my sister found out that this time saver can be a nuisance when it back-fires, as it did in her case. She was very proud of her new iron and made it very plain that the soul who dared to touch it without muttering a prayer would soon be on his way to purgatory.

Soon after unpacking it, she decided to try it out. This was a mistake. No sooner had she plugged it in, when everyone in the house suddenly acquired four or five articles of clothing that needed pressing. Some of them I had never even seen before. In spite of this, however, they still appeared and, as a result, my sister had twice as much to do as she had with an ordinary iron.

At first, she didn't mind, but she soon began to get a strange light in her eyes, and after it was over she ran into the other room. I can hear her now, poor soul, and her continual mutterings are interrupted at intervals by piercing screams. The doctor says—but that is not for public ears.

Roland Shackford '47



### HANDSHAKES

There is nothing more aggravating than a person who doesn't know how to shake hands properly. If you've never had any experience along this line, I dare you to go through a receiving line at some formal affair. You'll be sorry!

One of the most annoying is the "bone-crusher." He thinks all hands are made of "Grade A" steel, and therefore proceeds to shake hands accordingly. He isn't satisfied to give one quick shake. Oh no! He insists on prolonging the agony. When you do get your hand back, the best thing to do is to run to the nearest cold water faucet to try to restore a reasonable facsimile of circulation through your injured hand.

After a bout with the "bone-crusher" you wonder if it's worth bothering with, but naturally you can't drop out of the line, so you straighten your shoulders and proceed. Ah! This next one looks more on the weaker side. Weak is not the fitting description. You begin to wonder if someone hasn't suddenly placed a fish bowl in front of you, because that handshake has all the characteristics of a "dead fish." The room is stifling hot, yet the hand you just shook was as cold, clammy and damp as any fish.

Still shivering after that last one, you move on. The next two have similar handshakes; slightly limp but not too bad. Then you come to the next person—he looks like an ordinary man—Don't be naive! His looks are deceiving. You never noticed it before, but now you wonder if you bear any resemblance to a pump. You must for suddenly you feel as a milk shake must feel. After you slow down to about thirty miles an hour, you manage to get your hand out of his grip and walk on; your body is inclined to bob up and down like a pump, but forget it.

After about six more various bouts, with your hand like a wet mop, twisted and torn, you solemnly vow that you'll never ever go through a receiving line again.

Jean MacKinnon '47

### FISHING FOR SHARKS IN THE CARIBBEAN

Life on a cruiser at sea can be very dull. After a hard day of fire drills, 8-inch target practice, towing and refueling at sea, and a few other routine procedures, a fellow needs a little recreation in the evening when his time is his own.

Days are very long in the tropics and after evening chow, there are still about three hours of daylight left.

Nearly all ships sailing in tropical waters have an assortment of fish trailing them for the garbage and refuse given off. When the sharks arrive, there is only one specie left, and that is the shark. They swim lazily around the ship, seemingly having no trouble whatsoever keeping up with the 25-30 knot speed and gulping down anything thrown over from tin cans to potato peelings. The sharks are fearful looking things, being anywhere from eight to fifteen feet in length, with their dorsal fin breaking the water over their backs.

One evening a small group of us were standing at the lifeline "shooting the breeze" and watching the sharks ferociously attacking bits of wood and candy wrappers which we threw over the side, and one of the men suddenly got the bright idea that maybe we could catch one of them. Immediately we rushed to the blacksmith shop and had a large tempered steel hook forged. We attached a length of light chain next to the hook and added a few fathoms of manila line.



One of the boys who worked in the mess hall smuggled out a chunk of salt pork which we put on the hook. As the pork hit the water, a couple of sharks came over to investigate the disturbance. One of them glided up and bumped his nose on the bait, then he turned and backed up about 25 feet and came racing in at a terrific rate of speed striking at the bait and swallowing it hook and all. We suddenly realized that we had about a ton of fighting fish on the end of our line. It was necessary to call for help in order to haul it aboard.

A big ring of open-mouthed sailors had formed, all keeping well clear of the gnashing teeth and flailing tail, when an officer came over to see what the commotion was about. When he saw the dangerous monster flopping around on the deck he told us to get it overboard as quickly as possible before it killed someone. As we couldn't get anywhere near the shark, we had to get a long plank and laboriously work him over the side.

Somewhere in the Caribbean, there swims a shark that has swallowed a wrought-iron fish-hook and has 10 feet of chain hanging out of his mouth unless he has already died of acute indigestion.

Donald Page '47

### EMERGENCY LANDING

In beginning this narrative, let us go back to January of 1945 and join Task Force 58.5 of the Fifth Fleet five hundred miles east of the Marianas Islands.

At that time, I was with Night Torpedo Squadron 53, aboard the aircraft carrier *Saratoga*, serving as an aircrewman.

This rather vivid experience began on a January afternoon when the admiral commanding our task force ordered an anti-sub patrol aloft to scout for possible enemy subs that might be in the area.

The torpedo bombers (TBM's) usually receive these missions because of their long range. My pilot and I drew one of the assignments, which meant four hours of flying and searching vast, empty expanses of ocean.

The four plane flight took off at 1400 and then split up, each aircraft working a different sector relative to the task force. My pilot and I scouted our sector with negligible results and so we headed on a course back to the ship. When we arrived over the carrier, she was already into the wind and landing fighters from the afternoon C. A. P. (combat air patrol) hop.

Almost immediately after joining the traffic pattern in preparation for landing, my pilot saw smoke and then flames coming from the engine. That song, "Coming in With One Motor Gone," is not applicable to single torpedo bombers; therefore an immediate landing was an urgent necessity.

My pilot jumped the fighters in the traffic circle and approached the carrier for a landing. Unaware that we were trying to make an emergency landing, the L. S. O. (Landing Signal Officer) waved us off. After the wave-off, we radioed the ship of our trouble and told them to inform the L. S. O. of our predicament. My pilot informed the ship that if we were not taken aboard on the next approach, he would be forced to ditch the plane in the drink.

Finally, after an eternity of time, the L. S. O. got the word on our emergency and waved us in for a landing. Let me assure you, hitting that carrier deck was a most pleasant sensation.

Donald O'Conner '47



### ON BLISTERS

Blisters seem to be one of the minor but ever present afflictions of mankind. None is exempt, but naturally a person who is in the lower income bracket suffers more than the elite 400. People in the employ of a gentleman named Uncle Sam have this unfortunate ailment, too.

When the word comes that a twenty mile jaunt is in store for the regiment, three thousand groans are heard, but six thousand feet begin to move. Being able to account for only a small percentage of the whole, I can express only one opinion of blisters and their causes.

The first five miles go as well as can be expected, with the minimum of sweat as Ol'Sol hasn't fully awakened. Suddenly, however, he seems to throw off the covers with a tremendous heave, and seems to notice that certain unfortunates are struggling along without too much discomfort. A fiendish glare covers his face, and the pressure is on. Socks that were checked and rechecked suddenly develop wrinkles like grandma's washboard and holes like a Swiss cheese. Ammunition carts go from three pounds to three thousand, and drag lines find tender spots on sweaty shoulders.

Five more miles with Sol still bearing down and wrinkles have made more tender areas on more feet than the battalion doctor likes to think about. Now the poor old corpsman is the busy one. No rest for the wicked. Here is one time we're glad to see a sailor, even if he does need a band-aid in one hand to get a welcome sign.

Ten more miles to hobble and no one feels too tough right now. Up go the drags on the now blistered shoulders and off roll the carts—but not very fast.

At long last, after what seems like five years of traveling up the lovely California mountains, the ten miles are covered. At least there is some cool mountain H<sub>2</sub>O here, and some trees, so now we'll lie down and—no, I guess we won't. The enemy is ahead of us (it says so on the Colonel's map) so we will dig foxholes. This soil is so easy to dig, too. With a jack hammer, a man might get a fair sized hole dug in half an hour, but these pre-Revolutionary war shovels make the procedure difficult.

After forty minutes of toil (at least Sol has retired) a six inch deep hole is dug. Because we are very conscientious about things like this, we would work longer, of course, but once more the lowly blister is holding up progress.

What's a person to do? If he walks he gets blisters on his feet; if he works he gets them on his hands; if he sits too long—why, a person can't beat the blister!

Douglas Mitchell

### EATING MY WAY UP

You know, a termite gets very lonesome not having people around to bother him. I've been lonesome for three years. It's about time someone opened this hotel. Um, that mouthful was good. I guess my pre-war appetite is returning. Yes, even insects have wars, too. That's why I am leaving this damp basement for a new life and some sunshine. Maybe I'll be in the lobby tomorrow.

Sometimes a person bites off more than he can chew. Ooh, what a calamity! Darn the varnish they put on these floors. Well, anyway here I am.



Boy, has this place changed since I was here last year. New wall paper, paint, and even new bell-boys.

Say, look out brother, you almost stepped on me! Sorry, my eye!

What's that clerk ringing that bell for? He must be blind. The bell-boy was right there by the elevator cage. Oh well, humans certainly are funny.

Oh, oh, look out bell-boy; don't flirt with that guest. The manager's coming. Lucky for you he stopped at the desk.

Gee, there certainly are a lot of people here this year. Bell-hops darting here and there; guests strolling about; and oh, endless maids and clerks and people. I just can't get over the change that has come about.

I guess I'll eat my way to a corner and rest for a while. It's no fun dodging feet intending to crush you.

That certainly was a long nap. Here it is in the middle of the summer and it's Saturday. What a madhouse. People leaving, people arriving and always the smiling bell-boys with the eager and hopeful palms.

(There is a brief lapse of time) It is now autumn.

I grew tired of dodging people who were bent on my destruction. I am now half way up the wall, where I hope I can rest in peace for a while.

The guests and the help have all gone and here I am doing what comes naturally.

Paul Curtis '47

### ROBERT FROST AT PINKERTON

Each month the State of New Hampshire publishes a little booklet called *The New Hampshire Troubadour*. The alumni and students of Pinkerton are especially pleased and proud of the November issue as it is devoted entirely to the life and work of the famous New Hampshire poet, Robert Frost.

Naturally one section, written by Miss Sylvia Clark, a former member of the faculty, tells of Frost's years in Derry. He came here in 1900 and made his home on the farm, Frosty Acres, now occupied by J. A. Van Dyne. A color photograph of the farmhouse appears on the front cover of the *Troubadour*. A fine picture of the Academy buildings is also included.

Frost taught at the Academy for five years, from 1906-1911. His subject was English which, Miss Clark reports, he taught in an interesting and unusual manner. His classroom methods were friendly and informal, a marked contrast to the ways in which the subject was taught at that time. Later at Plymouth Normal School, Frost was hailed as "the best man teaching in the state."

In her article, Miss Clark tells of the time she tried to interest Frost and another faculty member in a sunset and when they were too indifferent to suit her taste, she became decidedly annoyed. The next day Frost gave her a poem, telling of the incident, which he had written especially for her. One of her most prized possessions is an original poem, "An A No. 1 Sundown," which is reprinted in the *Troubadour*.

Although at the time Frost taught at the Academy, he had not yet become famous, Pinkerton students feel justly proud of his all too brief "sojourn within these portals" which has added yet another chapter to the rich tradition of our school.

Helen Small '49



## Class Notes

### SENIOR CLASS NOTES—HEARD ON THE PARTY LINE

"319-W"

"Hello, is Patricia home? Oh, thank you."

"Hi, Pat. I was sorry to hear that you weren't feeling very well today. We missed you at school. We elected our class officers. The class chose Paul Curtis for President; Shirley Pressey, Vice President; Dorcas Caron, Secretary; Joe Curtis handles the money again.

"Remember the swell time we had at the Senior Corn Roast?"

"I don't remember about the Freshmen Reception. What? Oh, yes! Now I remember. You mean they put the freshman in the baby carriage and had the Senior President with his partner lead the Grand March? I really enjoyed that. There were so many new boys and girls to meet. Time is going so fast that things like that slip my mind now and then."

"I was glad that Bill Mauzy was elected Captain of the football team this year. He told me that Kenneth Hartman, Norman Merizon, Harry Banfill, Fred Piper, and Louis Kachavos were really going to fight to win."

"You know our hockey captain, Pauline Marquis, was really surprised to have so many Senior girls out for hockey this year. Pauline Madden, our manager, could hardly find enough space in her score book for all the line-ups."

"We also chose the Senior Class play committee."

"You wanted whom? Oh! Corinne Dalton. Yes, she was chosen. So were Phyllis Gratton, Kermit Shepard, Roland Shackford, and Phyllis Richardson is chairman of the committee. They have finally chosen "A Case of Springtime." I hope we make a lot of money."

"Do you realize, Pat, that we have fifteen new members? We want to welcome them to our class."

"You know what I heard about that new, dark haired, Navy man? They call him Breez, I think. Oh, is that his name! Well, anyway, he took that young sophomore, Mary, home from the Hallowe'en Party."

"Why, Pat, everyone knows that Root goes with your sister."

"You know what? Eleanor Bliss and Phyllis Richardson met some of my friends from Maine? I hear that they take things pretty seriously since they came back from Orr's Island."

"What a 'shiner' Bev had after playing football in the moonlight with a couple of backfield players on the P. A. squad! I told her that she should have known that she'd get hurt. Even experts can't catch a football in the dark."

"I have been wondering about Aileen. When school first began, she talked about Maine a lot. Now she goes around with a Southern drawl."

"Oh, that is old! Everyone knows that Mac goes with a P. G. What! you mean that they don't take that midnight walk any more. Well, I'll be a bunny! Oh,.....I see what you mean!"

"Well, Pat, it's time for supper, so I guess I'll button my lip. I'll see you in school tomorrow in Psychology. Bye—"

Avis Carey '47



## JUNIOR CLASS NOTES

Heard on a party line:

"157-R"

"Hello, is Corinne there?"

"Hi, Corinne, we missed you at school and I bet you're dying to know all the news, so I thought I'd call you and give you the scoop on a few things. Let's see—first of all, we elected our class officers—Arthur LaPorte is President; Avis Brooks, Vice President; Joanne Butterfield, Secretary; George Mauzy, Treasurer; and Phyllis Willey and Channing Hamer, Student Council members."

"What? Oh—field hockey! Leona Latulippe was Captain and Phyllis Patnaude, manager."

"On the Varsity Football team? There were Donald Wyman, Arthur LaPorte, Lowell Crabb, Donald McDivitt, John Palmer, George Mauzy, Aubrey Oikle, and Charles Bartlett. And we have some new cheerleaders from our class, Anna Dawn Eaton, Phyllis George and Phyllis Willey. They have lots of pep."

"You should see all the newcomers to our class, including our new class adviser, Mr. Peterson, who is a World War II Veteran. Also, there are Donald McDivitt, Conrad McAllister, Henry Patnaude and Raymond Thibeault."

"Oh, yes—we elected Anna Dawn Eaton, Conrad McAllister and Arthur LaPorte for our ring committee."

"I hear that Willey has been keeping very good track of the submarines at Massabesic Lake. Her willing partner in this business is Hamer. Well, the Student Council must stick together!"

"I don't think it's fair that a Freshman girl with brown curly hair has to nab one newcomer already! And I don't like the idea of that football player keeping my little sister out so late."

"Who? Oh, him! He's been escorting the nurse's daughter around lately. These Navy veterans!!"

"Well, Corinne—I hope your cold gets better. Hurry back."

"Bye."

Joanne Butterfield '48

## SOPHOMORE CLASS NOTES

"Hi! This Andy? What's new?"

"Did you have a good time at the Hallowe'en party? I thought Warren Pillsbury was a scream in that nightshirt. Yes, Harry Dalton deserved his prize, too, for the original half-man half-woman costume. Everyone seemed to be having a good time. Especially Mary and Frank."

"Weren't you there when we elected our class officers? George Tyler is President; Irene Muzzey, Vice-President; Virginia Verge is our Secretary now and Ray Caron is Treasurer. John Bartlett and Judy Gibbs are on the Student Council."

"Oh, yes! I know two of the officers have been making sweet music together. Anyone could guess who!"

"Pat Butterfield and Elaine Rand are taking turns cheering for our team as varsity cheerleaders."



"Which reminds me—what rugged Sophomores play football this year! There's Mervin Crabb, Cappy Tyler, Bob Merrill, Bill Hepworth, Neil Newcomb, John Bartlett and Bob Hicks."

"A number of girls went out for field hockey this year. Cammie Madden is Captain and Irene Muzzey, manager."

"Patsy and Crabbie? Uh-huh! And Margy and Bill Young have been keeping pretty steady company lately, too."

"He does? Oh, my father's like that, too—always wanting the phone just when I'm using it."

"Well, so long for now. Bye."

Irene Butterfield '49

### FRESHMAN NOTES

"Hello—Oh, Hi, Phyl! Glad you called!"

"No, I wasn't busy. What have you been doing? Thinking? Not really! Oh, about all that has happened since school started? That is a good topic. The initiation? Yes, that was funny, with the girls dressed in hobo garb and black stockings on their faces. It made quite a picture."

"Oh, and we mustn't forget the boys! They were really attractive in short pants, with towels wrapped around their heads. You have to admit it's one way to get attention."

"Imagine the boy's escaping the traditional ducking. From what I've heard, most of them would have preferred the ducking to dressing up."

"Yes, I did go to the Freshman Reception. Weren't we a sweet class in pink and blue bonnets? Even the new faculty members had to wear them, and don't you think they were pretty good sports about it?"

"Robert Patnaude just fitted in the baby carriage."

"The hockey team did a good job with Betty Chadwick as captain, and Kitty Graham as manager."

"The class elected the cheerleaders for the Freshman team. They are Kitty Graham, head cheerleader, Dotty Jodoin, Betty Chadwick, Mary Lou Hodgdon, Dorothy Allen and Priscilla Reade."

"Blue and white have been chosen as our class colors."

"The football team? Yes, we really went to town, didn't we?"

"The freshman boys on the varsity team are Harry Piper, Tom Bailey, Howard Evans and Bill Dasky."

"What's that, Phyl?"

"Why, yes, I have noticed that Evans spends a lot of his time hanging around the 'Hall'. What would you know about this, Barbara?"

"Incidentally, I hear Sally is going into tailspins over a certain Sophomore named Bobby."

"By the way, who can answer this one? What dark, curly-haired Freshman boy likes to prowl around Boyd Road at night?"

"Could Deborah give us a hint?"

"Well, I guess that's about all, Phyl."

"See you tomorrow during first period."

Joanne Merrill '50



## Boys' Athletic Notes

The Pinkerton Academy footballers drew gear on September 9, 1946, a hot day with the sun glaring, and turned to the hard grind ahead of them. Thirty-three rugged but inexperienced fellows turned out under the guiding hands of Coach Gordon McKernan and Coach Peter A. Curran, a new member of the P. A. coaching staff.

Under the leadership of Captain Bill Mauzy, the following players worked hard to develop into a promising looking squad: Captain Bill Mauzy, Kenneth Hartman, Louis Kachavos, Harry Banfill, Fred Piper, George Mauzy, Charles Bartlett, Arthur LaPorte, Lowell Crabb, John Palmer, Donald Wyman, Aubrey Oikle, Donald McDivitt, George Tyler, Robert Merrill, Mervin Crabb, Roland Caron, Curtis Henderson, William Hepworth, John Bartlett, Neil Newcomb, Thomas Bailey, Harry Piper, Howard Evans, William Daskey, and Robert Hicks.

On September 28, the starting line-up against Dracut took the field with Tom Bailey at right end, Captain Bill Mauzy at right tackle, Bob Laney at right guard, Louis Kachavos at center, Harry Banfill at left guard, Lowell Crabb at left tackle, Don Wyman at left end. In the backfield Skip Mauzy filled the quarterback position, Art LaPorte and Ken Hartman at the halfback spots, and Cap Tyler took over the fullback position. Chuckie Bartlett, a veteran of two years for P. A., did not play because of an injury.

P. A. dug in her cleats and put up a stiff fight. Dracut, not being able to score until the last fleeting minutes of the fourth quarter, defeated us by a hard score of 6 to 0.

The next game with Manchester saw Palmer and McDivitt starting as guards due to injuries to the first team. This game was played on a rainy night with the field sloppy, making fumbles easy. This game was a thriller with P. A. tying West with a score of 6 to 6. P. A. was the better team, having pushed across a touchdown which was called back by penalties.

The toughest game for the P. A. gridsters came next as they lost to a fast, aggressive Manchester Cathedral team, 41 to 8.

Still in the losing column, P. A. faced Exeter on another soggy field where handling the ball was difficult. Again P. A. went off the field in despair losing by a score of 13 to 6.

The jinx was broken in the next game with P. A. going into the win column after a hard-fought battle with Chelmsford, ending with a score of 12 to 6. Freddie Piper starred by catching two long passes and scooting the rest of the way for two tallies.

The last game of the year for the varsity fell on Armistice Day with P. A. running rough shod over a Tilton Jay Vee team, 25 to 0.

The season closed as the P. A. Jay Vees defeated the Manchester Central Jay Vees by the score of 19-7.

Al Booky, Bob Eddy, Ray Thibeault, Doug Mitchell, George LaPorte, and Norman Merizon were able to play in a few games for P. A.



The football banquet was held on November 21, with the following receiving letters:

### Third Letters

Kenneth Hartman

Norman Merizon

### Second Letters

William Mauzy

George Mauzy

Arthur LaPorte

George Tyler

### First Letters

Louis Kachavos

Fred Piper

Lowell Crabb

John Palmer

Donald Wyman

Donald McDivitt

Aubrey Oikle

Bob Merrill

Mervin Crabb

Warren Pillsbury (Manager)

### Numerals

Thomas Bailey

Harry Piper

Two sets of bleachers have been purchased for the Pinkerton Oval. This was made possible by the merchants and friends of P. A., who generously donated \$217 to the fund. This interest is greatly appreciated by the students. The following donated: The Derry News, Nicoll and Latham, Tydol Service Center, An Alumnus '38, Compliments of the P. A. Trainer, Family Drug Store, Goding's Store, Clarkie's Barber Shop, A Friend, Holmes and Wheeler, P. A. Oval Spa, A Friend, Dion's Filling Station, Neal Hardware, L. H. Pillsbury & Son, Pieroni's, Muzzey's Drug Store, Ideal Grill, White's Lunch, D. D. Page, Gelt's Market, Radio Electric Shop, Benson's Lumber Co., Low's Drug Store., A Friend, Audette's Shell Service, Broadway Jewelry Co., Benway Agency, Fat's Service Station, Benjamin Chase Co., Compliments of Belle Isle, Home Food Kitchen, Endicott & Johnson, John & Bill's, Barka Oil Co., Central St. Laundry, Milo Chase, Augustus Butman, Jodoin's Variety, Warren's Service Station, Village Market, Western Auto, Merri-mac Farmers, Nick's Fruit Store, Stone's Auto Supply, Derry Steam Laundry, Grant's, Klev. Bros. Shoe Co., Ross's Corner Dairy, Community Supply Co., Community Gas Co., McKinney's Dairy, J. J. Newberry's and C. H. Clement Store.

Harry Banfill '47

Kenneth Hartman '47

## Girls Athletic Notes

Soon after school opened, Field Hockey began. Games started without any practice and all the classes were well represented by a fine group of girls. All were out to win championship honors for their class.

Class captains were elected as follows:

Seniors, Pauline Marquis

Juniors, Leona Latulippe

Sophomores, Elaine Rand

Freshman, Betty Chadwick



Class Managers were elected as follows:

Seniors, Pauline Madden

Juniors, Phyllis Patnaude

Sophomores, Irene Muzzey

Freshman, Kitty Graham

A large schedule of games was made out by Miss McIntyre and soon games were under way.

The Seniors were undefeated the first half. The second half was a battle to the finish, with the Sophomores putting up a good fight, but again the Seniors came out on top. This makes the Seniors Hockey Champs for the second year in succession.

Now for the thrill of the season. The Senior Dillies accepted the challenge of the Senior Bone Crushers for a game of hockey, and on November 13, both teams marched proudly onto the field in full array. After four five-minute periods, the boys still held the girls to a 3 to 3 tie. An extra quarter was played and in the last thrilling moments of the game, the girls plowed down the length of the field to score again, and the tired but desperate Dillies went down to a 4 to 3 defeat.

With the assistance of Dr. Kermit (Kill or Cure) Shepard, the teams' injured recovered quickly.

The line-ups were as follows:

BONE CRUSHERS	Position	DILLIES
Smash 'em, Bash 'em, Mash 'em Martel	C.	Plenty of pep and power Piper
I'm not fussy whom I kill Caron	C. H.	Ouch, my ankle's tender Banfill
Mow 'em down and maul 'em Carey	R. I.	Blond Bomber Curtis
Too bad McDivitt isn't playing McKinnon	L. I.	Lug 'em Laney
Petite but powerful Pressey	R. H.	Ack-Ack Allen
Merizon is My Goal Marquis	L. H.	Muscle-bound Merizon
Bring 'em back dead Bailey	R. W.	No fair, you cheat, Curtis
Plow 'em under and plant 'em Parks	L. W.	I don't have a heart Hartman
Stand by and watch 'em play Gagnon	R. F.	I can't wait to kill Caron Kachavos
Can't play without me Madden	L. F.	Mangler Mauzy
One strike of my stick and they're dead Spafford	G.	I'm going to keep away from Spafford, VanDyne

We are proud of the girls who helped to make our hockey season successful.

Ramona Tinkham '47

## Alumni Notes

The following graduates of '46 are in the service :

Maurice Aiken	Army
Ernest Booky	Marines
Russell Carson	Army
Wayne Evans	Navy
Ralph Floyd	Army Air Corps
David Hubbard	Army
Charles Johns	Navy
Merton Johnson	Army

The following are continuing their education in various schools and colleges :

Grant Benson—University of New Hampshire.

Claire Bienvenue—Post Graduate, Pinkerton.

Dorothy Blake—Kathleen Dell School, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Harold Gross—University of New Hampshire.

George Kachavos—University of New Hampshire.

William Levandowski—University of New Hampshire.

Pamela Low—University of New Hampshire.

James McGreevey—St. Anselm's College, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Ronald Myatt—Post Graduate, Pinkerton.

Pauline Nelson—Kathleen Dell School, Brookline, Massachusetts.

Marjorie Nichols—University of New Hampshire.

Madeline O'Neil—Modern School of Applied Arts, Boston, Massachusetts.

Shirley Peabody—University of New Hampshire.

Dolores Quimby—Houle's Academy of Hair and Beauty Culture, Manchester, New Hampshire.

Edith Simpson—University of New Hampshire.

Donald Small—Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Wallace Thomas—University of New Hampshire.

Other members of the class are in the following places :

Shirley Abbott	Derry
Yvonne Bibeault	Manchester
Marilyn Buckley	Derry
Amy Bunker	Derry
Leander Burdick	Derry
Irene Butterfield	Londonderry
Phyllis Carey (Mrs. Everett Mills)	East Derry
Christina Costas	Derry
Loris Crabb (Mrs. James Bryant)	Derry
Marjorie Cummings (Mrs. Alsworth Payne)	Derry
Doris Dick	Derry
Gladys Eaton	Derry
Madge Farwell (Mrs. William Donnelly)	Manchester
Eugene Fontaine	Derry



Margaret Gibbs (Mrs. Lawrence Hayes)	Derry
Mildred Hanson	Derry
John Hazelton	Manchester
George Hicks	Londonderry
Ruth Kimball (Mrs. Melvin Norman)	Haverhill
Margaret Manning (Mrs. Donald Morrison)	Derry
Antoinette Matarazzo	Derry
Dorothy Merisotis	Derry
Leo Morency	Derry
Harold Moynihan	Derry
Claire Muzzey	Derry
Helen Novak	Derry
Monica Orzechowski	Derry
Carroll Pinkham	Londonderry
June Reynolds	Londonderry
Edmund Roy	Manchester
Donald Scott	Derry
Cynthia Selden	Caro, Michigan
Hope Sheedy	Derry
Louise Smith	Derry
Thelma True	East Derry
Harold Venner	Derry
Marion Venner (Mrs. Malcolm MacLeod)	Derry
Barbara Wheeler	Derry
Gloria White	Derry
Vera Wingate	Derry
Dorothy Young	Derry

### ENGAGEMENTS

Miss Claire Cote '45, to Frederick Ball '45.  
 Miss Eva J. Barney, Manchester, to David MacGregor.  
 Miss Irene Butterfield '46, to George Hicks '46.  
 Miss Arlene Kingsbury, Hartford, Conn., to Paul Hicks, '42.  
 Miss Lorraine Lavoie, to Leonard Simpson '42.  
 Miss Eleanor Stickney, North Salem, to Warren Martel '39.  
 Miss Gladys Hoisington '45, to Harry Richardson '45.

### MARRIAGES

Miss Anna G. Deering, Derry Village, to Russell Stevens '38.  
 Miss Barbara Fowler '45, to Charles Dam, Jr., East Hampstead.  
 Miss Nathalie Chadwick '45, to Leo Latulippe '38.  
 Miss Jeanette Demianow '45, to Arthur Desrocher, Lawrence, Mass.  
 Miss Elaine Latulippe '45, to John Rendo, Derry.  
 Miss Gloria Monkley '45, to Paul R. Myers, Windham.  
 Miss Beth Ingalls '42, to Stephen D. Bishop, Ayers Village, Mass.  
 Miss Dorothy Chadwick '38, to Arthur Evans '42.

Miss Marie Pieroni '39, to Albert Marcotte '39.  
 Miss Rae Parmenter '39, to John Sives '39.  
 Miss Frances Bickford, Manchester, to George B. Smith, Manchester.  
 Miss Rita Legendre '43, to Marcel Demers.  
 Miss Margaret McClennan, Boston, Mass., to Vincent Blais '43.  
 Miss Viola Wilson '43, to Harold E. Deering, Derry Village, N. H.  
 Miss Arline Patnaude '45, to Samuel Dam, Hampstead.

### NECROLOGY

John Condon died September 30 at his home in Londonderry. Mr. Condon was a member of the Pinkerton faculty from 1921-31.

Miss Frances Bell Pinkerton died October 12 at a Manchester convalescent home. Miss Pinkerton was a descendent of the Pinkerton family two members of which contributed a fund to start the Academy.

Miss Pinkerton always showed an interest in the Academy and last spring she presented a family clock to the school.

### INTERESTING ITEMS

During the summer, Principal and Mrs. Hackler enjoyed a cross country trip which covered 10,000 miles and took eight weeks. Mr. Hackler was the first to receive the Robert Lincoln O'Brien Travel fund.

Leander Hardy received the American Farmer Degree at the Future Farmers of America National Victory Convention held at Kansas City, Missouri. The award was made to 178 boys who represent the best in the young farm group throughout the entire nation. With the degree goes a cash award of \$25.

The boys representing Pinkerton at the F. F. A. Convention were Willis Spaulding, Richard Nelson and Leonard Severance.

Sherman Brickett of the class of '45 has received another \$500 scholarship at Worcester Tech.

At the June meeting of the Trustees, Robert Lincoln O'Brien was elected President and Frederick Shepard, Vice President. Lt. Col. Alan B. Shepard was elected a member of the board.

Mr. Malcolm Mackenzie, Secretary of the Board of Trustees, announced at Commencement that Miss Alice M. Brackett had been awarded the Robert Lincoln O'Brien Travel Fund for 1947.

Charlotte Merrill has been chosen to attend the National 4-H Convention to be held at Chicago during the Thanksgiving vacation. She received the 4-H canning award for the state of New Hampshire.

## Roving Reporter

Dear Roving Reporter,

It is a rather large order to attempt to tell you of a freshman's introduction to college. Perhaps, however, I can outline a few of my experiences.

My first week at Worcester Tech last fall was the busiest of my life. In it were crammed the college orientation program for freshmen and the very interesting fraternity rushing and pledging schedule. Top this off with the unfamiliarity of fellow students, teachers and campus and to say the least, it forms a busy week.



I was very fortunate to be pledged to the fraternity which I had chosen as the best on the hill, Sigma Phi Epsilon. Sig. Ep. is a national fraternity and we have over seventy active chapters on the campus of well known colleges and universities all over the United States. My chapter at Tech is the second to be established in Massachusetts and thus acquires the title Mass. Beta. At the present time forty-five fellows live and board here and believe me, it certainly makes a wonderful home away from home.

The nine fraternities here maintain a year round program of inter-fraternity sports, ranging from football to bowling. Each house enters a team in every contest and needless to say the competition between houses for the various cups is close and exciting.

Our campus covers forty acres of rolling lawn and athletic fields located within a mile of the main street of Worcester. The school also owns over four hundred acres of land in Holden. This is used by the Civil Department for survey work and contains a perfect water course on which is built a complete hydraulic laboratory.

The architecture of our buildings is beautiful. Brick, white marble and granite are the materials used. These are equipped for lecture and experimental occupies a separate building. These are equipped for lecture and experimental work. The size and type of equipment ranging from a 40 ton strength lab press to the latest electronic and radar hook-ups. Our auditorium is beautifully designed and has a stage equipped with two large, sound movie projectors and all the lighting, props and stage equipment found in a large professional theater.

Our class schedule is rather stiff and completely fills six mornings a week. Five of our afternoons are consumed with three hour lab periods. Tech, of course is strictly an engineering college with slide rules, mathematical tables and drafting boards being our tools of trade. The technical courses of an engineering college require long hours of outside preparation and study lights in the fraternities rarely go out before mid-night.

Notwithstanding this full schedule, the school participates in all the leading college sports and W. P. I. teams have brought home many cups and trophies during the past years.

Once each semester the school, in conjunction with the fraternities, sponsors a formal weekend. The usual program consists of a banquet at each fraternity house on Friday evening, followed by a formal dance held in the auditorium. On Saturday, the fellows take their dates to classes and introduce them to the campus. A sports program fills the afternoon and is followed with a round-robin dance Saturday evening.

If any of you fellows are interested in becoming engineers, scientists or mathematicians, I strongly advice you to investigate the opportunities offered at Worcester Tech. As a matter of some importance, let me say that Tech has a superb reputation as a fine engineering school and good jobs always await her graduates. I would be glad to attempt to answer any questions you may have concerning an engineering education as I see it from here.

Sincerely,  
Sherman P. Brickett '45



## Crow Notes

Caw! Caw! In spite of the many rumors that have been circulating to the effect that the cold weather has caused the Crow to go South, he is still weakly flying about feeding upon what choice bits of news that come within his grasp.

The following are a few of the choicest bits that we have collected:

We wonder why a Junior boy sat in his truck throughout the Tilton game. It couldn't be because he has taken to (Reade)ing, could it?

While flying about after the Senior Corn Roast, the Crow came upon a Chrysler at Massabesic Lake. The occupants (Mac & Mac) stated that they were only watching the "submarine races." No one knows what to believe these days.

A certain Irish lad of the Junior class didn't seem to notice on the night of November 1 that there was very little hay in the wagon. We can't understand how a girl could fall asleep, Dorrie, with a man like that.

It has been rumored that soon the Home Food Kitchen and the First National Store will be known as Olesen & Palmer, Inc.

A P. G. hailing from East Derry has been spending a lot of time lately on Mt. Pleasant Street. You're not related to him are you, Flossie?

It may only be a coincidence when two love-birds have to stay after school for the same teacher. Cappy, there is a time and a place for everything.

We would like to know where that secret parking place is, and why cars never go that way. Tell us, Frank, other (Young) folks would be interested to know.

That "blonde bomber" seems to have developed a sudden interest in the Dress Shoppe on Pearl Street. Is it the dresses or the proprietor's daughter, "Curt"?

We wonder if the two Senior boys from East Derry could tell us what special attraction they found at the sand pits in Londonderry on the eve of the Hallo-we'en dance. Maybe we should ask a certain cheerleader from the Junior class or her cousin.

It is very puzzling why a Junior girl residing on Abbott Street is never lonely when she takes care of the neighbor's children. Could it be because she is often assisted by three classmates?

We wish a certain Senior girl would tell us how she made out on her first date with that P. G. from Manchester. They say he has a (Goodheart).

The Crow



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